The Beequel

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The Beequel

by StratsWrote

Summary

A short look at Nigel and Adam's lives after the events of The Bee Movie Except The Bee Is Nigel From Charlie Countryman.

Notes

It is very well known that I (playfully) hate the first fic with a burning passion, but I promised Ish.

To those who are new here, hi, this is the most ridiculous thing I've ever written.

Adjustments have to be made in relationships with partners as different as they are.

Adam's life is too large, Nigel's too small. They make it work anyway.

Nigel has his own little bed on the windowsill because Adam is worried he would crush him if they shared a bed, but his favorite place to sleep is in the hollow of Adam's throat, in the little dip between his collarbones.

It tickles a little; Nigel doesn't have any substantial weight, but Adam can feel the soft fuzz that covers him. It takes him a while to learn how to sleep like that, but it's worth it to wake to Nigel nuzzling against the bump of his Adam's apple.

They can't share meals- Nigel's body isn't meant to process the kinds of things Adam needs to survive, and he's too small for it to matter much either way. Adam prepares meals for himself and keeps flowers blooming on the table for Nigel to indulge in.

Adam doesn't buy honey anymore, though he misses it. It feels weird to eat it in front of Nigel, especially when he knows how bees make it. Things he'd never had to worry about before he knew bees had human intelligence, which now live at the forefront of his mind.

Mostly, they watch movies, curled up together on the couch, Nigel doing his absolute *best* to hog the heavy blanket despite the fact that he only needs about one square inch of it. He just likes to see Adam make a fuss.

Adam likes scientific documentaries and recordings of stage plays. Nigel likes anything where something blows up. They take turns picking at each other's terrible choices. They don't go to the theaters, where the sounds are too loud for either of them to stand. They stay at home, Nigel a constant presence on Adam's shoulder, his throat, the palm of his hand.

Sex is… complicated.

Adam has had sex before. It was fine. He enjoyed it, he would have chosen to have sex again given the chance, but there's nothing about it he *needs*. Nothing that he misses so much as to feel the loss of it.

And they manage. Somehow.

Nigel can't touch Adam, not properly, not more than a tickle, but he'll settle himself on Adam's nipple-pebbling in the cool air, nervousness bringing Adam's breath to soft pants that move Nigel up and down— and from there he'll give instructions. He's too far away for Adam to make out his wry smile, but Adam knows it's there, anyway. He always knows.

"That's it, baby," he'll say, his voice just loud enough to carry over the slick sound of Adam's hand around his own flesh. "Just like that. God, I wish I could touch you like that, but you're gonna be my hands for me. Just like I tell you to."

Adam doesn't entirely know what an orgasm is for Nigel, but he knows Nigel will rub up against his skin after, before coming up to rest on Adam's cheek. He'll lay there, pressing

kisses to the flushed skin that Adam cannot feel, but he knows are there.

The aftermath is always a little bittersweet. Messy, unpleasant. There's a longing in Adam's chest that he can not entirely overcome. In that moment, he always resents their differences.

But he would rather have Nigel like this, than not at all.

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